

THE INFANT IN ARMS.

[It is suggested that children should be trained in shooting and scouting from the very earliest age.]

My child, away with your toys and games.

No more on the floor shall roll
The painted indiarubber globe,

To gladden your infant soul.

No more shall the rattle whirr : no more

Shall the gay tin trumpet toot :

My child, it is time that you learned to drill;

It is time that you learned to shoot.

Time was when Spillikins caused you joy,

When you played with a model train,
When Pigs-in-clover was deemed enough

To foster your growing brain.

Time was when you rode on a rocking horse,

Or petted the local cat ;

Time was when you worried the patient dog—

We are going to change all that.

A strenuous life is the life you 'll lead.

You will rise and dress at dawn

To practise digging a modern trench

Across the croquet lawn.

You 'll work at that till seven o'clock ;

From seven o'clock to ten

You 'll be with your catapult out on the range.

You may have some breakfast then.

Resuming work at eleven sharp,

You 'll stay on the range till one,

Or give an hour to the heliograph,

If there 's sufficient sun.

Deep books on Military Law

From two till five you 'll cram,

And go for a trip from five to six

In a fully armoured pram.

And when the days are dark and cold,

When it either snows or pours,

You 'll shift the scene of your daily toil,

And do your work indoors,

And toy with someone's "Modern War,"

Or KIPLING's martial verse,

Or while away the hours of rest

At Kriegspiel with your nurse.

Thus when the day of battle dawns,

And merciless foes invade,

When, sore oppressed, at the nursery door

Your country knocks for aid,

When far and wide through our pleasant land

Sounds Armageddon's din,

When England once again "expects,"—

Why, that 's where you 'll come in.

You 'll take your air-gun from the shelf,

Your catapult blithely seize,

Gaily you 'll gird your shooter on,

And see that it lacks not peas.



"EXCUSE ME, SIR. I SEEM TO HAVE MET YOU BEFORE. ARE YOU NOT A RELATIVE OF MR. DAN BRIGGS?"

"NO, MADAM. I AM MR. DAN BRIGGS HIMSELF."

"AH, THEN THAT EXPLAINS THE REMARKABLE RESEMBLANCE!"

And as the hiss of your pop-gun's cork
Is merged in the general roar,
You 'll bless the day when you left your
play

To practise the art of War.

LES ANGLAIS CHEZ EUX.

(Par Emile Bonhomme.)

II.—UNE RELIGION NOUVELLE. LES
"PASSIVESRESISTERS."

L'ANGLETERRE, comme on sait, est le pays des religions et des cultes les plus divers. Tous sont également reconnus par le gouvernement, qui ne laisse pas de se trouver fort embarrassé de temps en temps. La religion la plus moderne, et qui date seulement d'hier, est celle dont les adeptes s'appellent des "passivesresistants." Personne ne sait au juste quels sont les dogmes de cette société secrète, qui deviendra sous peu des plus formidables. L'origine même de cette expression "passivesresistants" est plongée dans l'obscurité, mais il est probable qu'elle dérive de l'Orient. Quoique tous les membres de la société gardent le secret sur leurs croyances intimes, personne n'ignore qu'ils ont une "conscientiousobjection" aux prêtres de l'église anglicane. Ainsi, il faut empêcher à tout prix que ces derniers ne fassent l'enseignement religieux dans les écoles primaires. Il faut "sauvegarder les enfants." L'enseignement religieux est un devoir qui incombe aux "passivesresistants" seuls—à leur dire, du moins—de sorte qu'ils font tous leurs efforts pour s'en accaparer. Et voilà qu'ils ont imaginé la seule cérémonie de leur culte qui se passe devant le public. Chacun d'eux choisit un meuble ou un objet d'art dont il croit pouvoir se passer, et il y a procession dans les rues de ces "offrandes religieuses" (conscientiousofferings) comme disent les croyants. Arrivés à une salle de conférence, un des sectaires, en guise de commissaire-priseur, est censé faire main basse sur les offrandes pour les vendre à l'enclôture. Maintenant, remarquez bien ! C'est lui qui symbolise satan lui-même, et puisque le diable s'en mêle il faut bien lui faire sa leçon. De sorte que, tout le temps que dure une vente simulée, on lui jette à la tête des œufs pourris, avec accompagnement de cantiques et chants religieux. Avouez que ce n'est pas ordinaire ! Vous me demandez à quoi bon un meeting si mouvementé ? Eh bien, c'est là une manière de faire la propagande. Les Anglais adorent la nouveauté en fait de religion, et cette façon de marguer le diable leur sourit beaucoup. Le général commandant en chef et l'archiprêtre de ces sectaires est un docteur en médecine qui s'appelle le doctor Clifford. Celui-là a renoncé à la médecine pour se dévouer entièrement à la nouvelle religion. On dit qu'il sera prochainement député au parlement anglais (Sir Stephens).

PLAYS PRESENTABLE AND UNPRESENTABLE.

I.—“THE CARDINAL,” AT THE ST. JAMES’S.

WHAT with playwrights and Conclave-reporters, the Church of Rome has had, of late, its fair share of secular advertisement. I pass over that charming comedy, *The Bishop’s Move*, where the clerical atmosphere is simply employed as an artistic medium for the development of character, and the author’s creed would in any case have been sufficient warrant for discretion. But we had scarce recovered from the familiarities of *The Eternal City*, and the journalistic exploitation of the secrets of the Sistine Chapel, when we must needs have the limelight turned once more on the intimate arcana of the confessional. Of course a Cardinal’s red robe always makes an effective splash of colour, and to be able, when in doubt, to genuflect or make the sign of the cross, is excellent for business; but these things do not necessarily tend to edification. Admirable use for dramatic purposes has before now been made of the secrecy imposed upon a father-confessor: but I doubt if any playwright has hitherto dared the casuistic device by which in this play the *Cardinal* permits himself a breach of this most sacred trust without actually letting the secret pass his lips. Though the life of his brother, wrongly accused, is to be the forfeit, he will not give up the murderer’s name committed to him under the seal of the confessional: yet he uses that knowledge to force from the guilty man his own exposure. Having first posted the chief magistrate within earshot behind a large shrub, he feigns madness and a bad memory for what he has been told, and so draws the murderer on to repeat his story at the top of his voice. Finally with the easiest of consciences he proceeds to conduct the marriage rites of his emancipated brother. Needlessly harrowed through a great part of the play, the gallery accepted this relief with unfeigned and undiscriminating gratitude.

From time to time the heavy air of Roman hierarchy was lightened by a little Pagan witchcraft, taking the shape of *Sortes Virgilianæ*. The *Cardinal* inherits from his father, the Magnificent LORENZO DE’ MEDICI, a taste for construing the Mantuan into vernacular verse. He does it partly for the benefit of two young deacons, one of them extremely ignorant of the classics. From any casual passage on which the *Cardinal* happens to light it is his foible to deduce an omen. One such passage runs:—

Captique dolis . . .
Quos neque Tydides, nec Larissaeus Achilles,
Non anni domuere decem, non mille carinæ.

Into this he reads the suggestion that craft will serve him where other efforts, more honourable, have failed. The idea is exquisite (in the Latin sense), but otherwise does little credit either to his integrity or his appreciation of the context. Apparently it escapes him that the case of the gallant Trojans provides a singularly unfortunate analogue for the miscarriage of justice which he is anxious to correct; and that, for himself, if he is to imitate the policy of the Greeks, he must be committed to a course of rather wooden horse-play, most unbecoming in a bulwark of the Church.

Mr. LOUIS PARKER has moulded history to his purpose. In order that the lady may be somewhere in the neighbourhood for the convenience of *Giuliano* in wooing her, and of *Strozzi* in stabbing her parent, the historical *Filiberta*, of the Royal House of Savoy, is introduced as the daughter of *Chigi*, a wealthy local trader. Again—and this time without dramatic excuse—the *Cardinal*, standing in the garden of his palace on the Capitoline, cites as an instance of the decline of Rome’s dignity the fact that the heights once sacred to the City’s triumphs are now, in the sixteenth century, permitted to witness the execution of criminals.

But what about the Tarpeian Rock, just round the corner? Surely a sufficiently antique precedent.

The history of Art, too, seems to undergo a certain modification, if I was right in recognising, in the centre of the *Cardinal’s* garden, a reduced bronze copy of the *Venus di Milo*, with the missing arms thrown in. In point of fact the original marble was only discovered in the island of Melos rather more than three centuries later than the period of this play.

Mr. WILLARD, whose entrance on the first night was the signal for a truly Capitoline ovation, played his part with intelligent versatility; but he never quite had the air of a connoisseur of the fine arts; and for a Cardinal with an anxious eye confessedly fixed on the succession to the papal chair he had a somewhat pronounced habit of wreathing himself in evergreen smiles. Mr. WARING, most debonair of outlaws, suffered from a similar affection. One may of course smile more than once and yet remain a villain; but that is the prerogative of another type of scoundrel. Possibly a triumphant course of swashbuckling has left this popular actor with the impression that just any situation can be carried off with a perky head and a pointed toe.

There was a moment, early in this strenuous play, when one flattered oneself with a prospect of comic relief. Mr. WARING, as *Strozzi*, had produced a titillative shudder by a sweeping statement of his methods of coping with opposition. “There was a man once in Florence who said ‘No’ to me. *It was his last word!*” A little later, that jovial collector of antiquities, *Bartolommeo Chigi* (very pleasantly interpreted by Mr. FREDERICK VOLPE), had the foolhardiness to reply in the negative to *Strozzi’s* overtures for his daughter’s hand: with the usual fatal result. Two villainous henchmen, waiting behind the door for contingencies, sprang out like the policeman in the first act of *The Worst Woman in London*, and removed the evidence of this wanton deed of blood. But here the fun abruptly ended.

Mr. FULTON, as *Baglioni*, Chief Magistrate of Rome (pronounced throughout as Ballyony), played with excellent dignity; but the women’s characters were not very sympathetic, and Miss NINA LINDSEY, in a painfully lacrymose part, suffered further from a pronunciation that savoured a little of Louisiana.

The play was well received; but Mr. WILLARD’s popularity would have triumphed over a much worse melodrama. It was neither very good nor very bad, but just presentable. Of the unpresentable kind of play I hope to speak next week in discussing Mr. BERNARD SHAW’s *Man and Superman*.

O. S.

A SLUMP IN PRIVATE MENAGERIES.

[According to a well-known fancier of wild beasts, the fashion of keeping these as domestic pets is dying out.]

Lions.—Mrs. LEO. S. HUNTER of Cinchville, Pa, the wife of the well-known millionaire, has several of these entertaining animals to dispose of. Delightful drawing-room pets. Thoroughly broken to cooked food. From \$50 upwards, according to length of mane. Also a few with rich reverberating roar, from \$100.

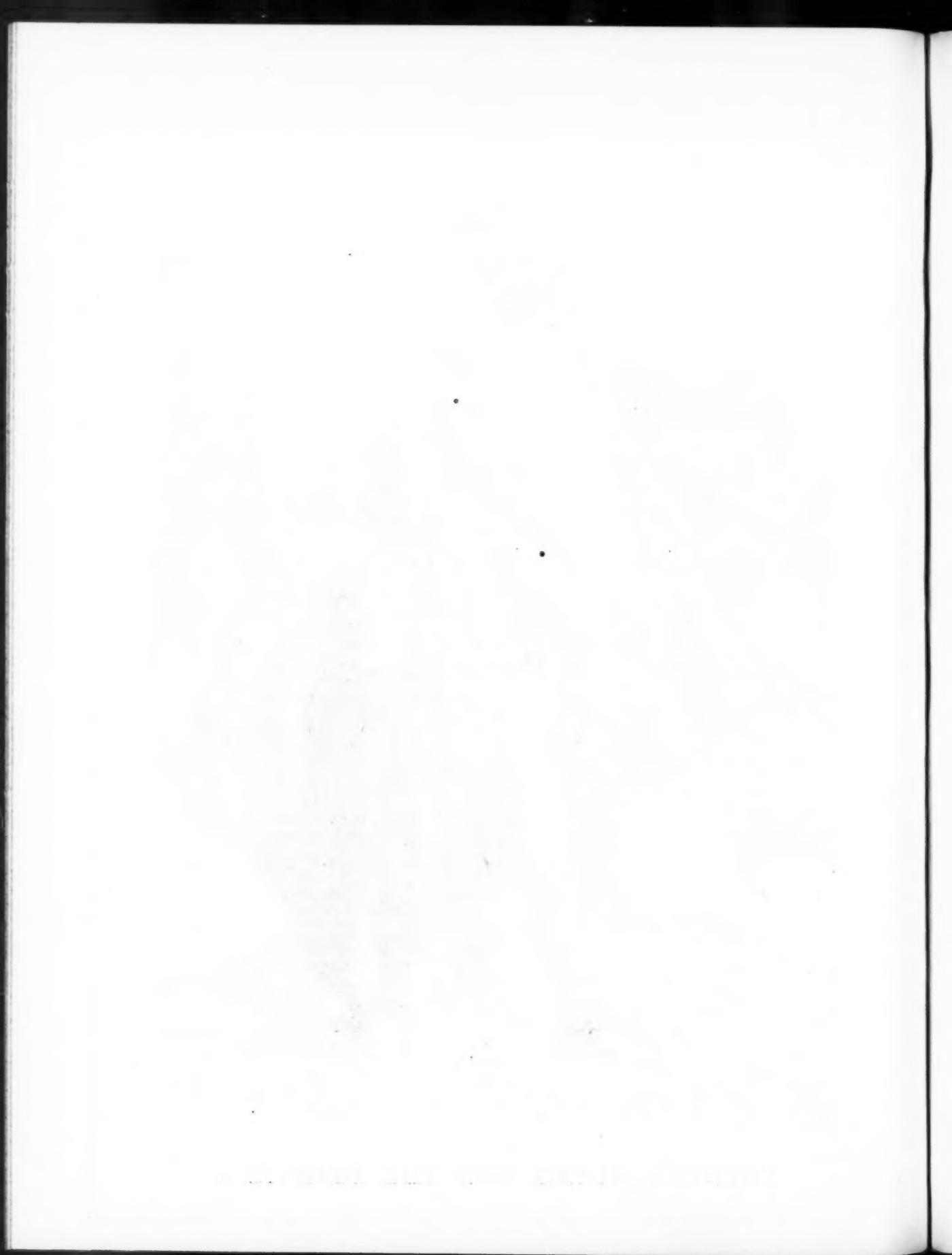
Wild Asses.—The War Office having procured a number of these animals for service in the late war are now able to offer several fine specimens to the public at reduced rates.

Gulls.—A well-known company promoter (at present nameless) has still a few gulls to dispose of, though the majority of his collection have already been sold. Likewise a few well-selected guinea-pigs.

It is also reported that Mr. GEORGE ROBY is offering some lively terns to the public, and that Sir THOMAS LIPION is seeking a purchaser for his notorious boat-billed stork. The MULLAH’s fine collection of black aunts is also said to be in the market.



BETWEEN RUSSIA AND THE DEEP SEA.



CHARIVARIA.

WE hear that, as a result of the War Commission, there are to be two more Commissions—one to sit forthwith to find out what are our actual military requirements, and another to sit five years later to find out why the recommendations of the preceding one have not been carried out.

It is said that there is indignation even among the Boers at the inefficient way in which the war was waged against them.

Among many things proved by the Commission is the fact that the British officer is very seldom caught mapping.

A contemporary that does not usually joke with its readers declares that a considerable amount of evidence given before the Commission has been suppressed for fear of making foreign nations think meanly of Great Britain's military system.

The Commission has anyhow had the effect of waking up the War Office. The report had been published little more than a week when the following intimation was circulated with a view to disarming criticism: "The Secretary for War has directed that Militia frocks of the old pattern are to be converted to the new pattern."

Also, the manoeuvres of the Third Army Corps in Ireland are being conducted under actual service conditions. They have been postponed for lack of sufficient transport.

It is reported from Aden that arms and ammunition supplied to the Somalis have been traced to a British firm. This is satisfactory. Great Britain may at least claim credit for the successes of the MULLAH.

It is not true that the Duke of DEVONSHIRE intends to resign his seat in the Cabinet. His Grace will continue to be a sleeping partner.

Last Tuesday's *Express* contained the following announcements:—"The challenge issued by Sir HOWARD VINCENT to a public debate on the fiscal policy of the Empire has been accepted by the Financial Reform Association," and "Sir HOWARD VINCENT has left England."

As a result of his trip over the Gordon-Bennett course, the Roman Catholic Archbishop of Dublin now recommends the motor-car for pastoral visits. This will be no new thing. For years past some people have looked



Irish Bag Carrier (commenting on the crack shot of the party). "SURE, THIN, AND I DO NOT THINK MUCH AV HIM! EVERY LOT O' BIRDS HE'LL BE AFTHER FIRIN' BOTH BARRELS OF HIS GUN, AND DIVIL A ONE HE KILLS BUT TWO!"

on the motor-car in the light of a visitation.

"Many roads in the district are unfit for motorists," is the report of the Tadcaster surveyor to his council. We understand the inhabitants have resolved to leave well alone.

Hearing that the American Consul at Beirut had been murdered, the U.S. European Squadron hastened thither to exact reparation, but only to learn that the report was untrue. The SULTAN much regrets that the Admiral should have been put to so much trouble for nothing.

Our criminals seem to begin their career earlier in life every day. A burglar aged nine has been captured in Southwark, and several papers last week

contained a paragraph headed, "An Abandoned Baby at Ludgate Hill Station."

A WORD WITH SIR THOMAS.
WHEN you, Sir THOMAS, yonder sped
And bowed and cracked your jests
and laughed
When Yankees fawned around, we said,
"He's meeting craft with craft."

Sir THOMAS, long we hoped, but now
All hope must vanish when we find
That your and *Shamrock's* smiling bow
Has nothing stern behind.

"THE BELDAM *sans merci* hath us in thrall," as the Oval poet said when G. W. B., of the Middlesex team, was punishing the Surrey bowlers in the match that decided the Championship.

ONE THOUSAND "QUID FLES,
ASTERIE?"

[Public interest is still centred in the Expedition after the Arctic flea for whose acquisition Mr. CHARLES ROTHSCHILD is said to have offered £1,000.]

THE common Capricornal flea,
Bounding his capers by a tropic,
His worth is not, whate'er it be,
My topic.

And him, whose blood relations deem
A hungry horde on the equator,
In present value I esteem
Scarce greater.

For captures in a temperate zone
I dare not offer fancy prices ;
I leave possessors to their own
Devices.

But if in weary Arctic nights
A gain accrues to him who itches,
And ownership of parasites
Is riches,

Then come, ye budding NANSENS, we
Will rid the Pole of all the genus,
And share resulting specie
Between us.

THE AMATEUR HISTRION.
(*A Compleat Guide to Country House Theatricals.*)

IV.—How to REHEARSE.

No really talented amateur of either sex should ever attend more than one or two rehearsals. To be present at more is liable to cramp the style and to turn him or her into a confirmed cue-hunter, which is the worst form of professionalism.

The most spontaneous actor I ever knew was an amateur of great distinction who never made any attempt to learn his part. "When I act," he would say, "I speak out, from the heart, what comes to me naturally." Sometimes all that would come from his heart were "Ohs" and "Ahs" and unavailing "What's that?" addressed to the prompter, but on other occasions, when there was plenty of champagne in the dressing-rooms, he was electrifying, and so surprisingly original that, during the time he was on the stage, the ladies in the audience never knew at what moment they might not have to leave the theatre.

He was a genius—rest his ashes!—and there are few like him now, but the example of great men gone should be always before us.

The early rehearsals of any play are always called by the manager for his own amusement. It is a harmless form of pastime, and it is a pity to interfere with him.

On the very finest day of your stay

in the house, when the sun is shining and the birds are singing, just as you are starting for a walk, or a motor ride, or to play golf, your hostess will tell you, almost crossly, that you really *must* come to rehearsal to-day, and you, out of pure good-nature, will give up your own pleasure and go and listen to all the duffers, who think they have got their words off by heart, stumbling over them dolefully.

Of course it is not to be expected that you should be in a good temper, under the circumstances, when you do go to rehearsal, and the treatment you will receive will not soothe you. Somebody, probably an acidulated female of no position, will say, "At last!" when you make your appearance, and the Manager will hope that you have come "word perfect." That is, of course, his little joke; but it is one in very bad taste, and if you can think of anything cutting to say to show that you resent this, say it. Of course you will have lost your part, and if the Manager has not found it for you you should say that you will read it from the prompt book. As likely as not the Manager will refuse to give up the book to you because the "positions" are marked in it. You can prove to him at once that this is a ridiculous excuse, for all the "positions," as he calls them, are put down wrong in the book. If you sit down beside him you can show him in a minute that he is always telling people to go to the left when an R is written in the book, and *vice versa*. He will be stubborn, no doubt, but that is one form of managerial rudeness.

Your hostess will be called away by her housekeeper, or to see a morning visitor; the two nice boys from the neighbouring garrison will be flirting with the two girls who are playing, and will be arranging what waltzes they will keep at the next dance. Probably the only other person in the room you care to talk to will pretend to be busy learning a part.

All this is merely wasting your time when you might be enjoying yourself out of doors, and you have a right to resent it. Saunter away into another room and look out of the window, saying, "Oh, am I wanted?" when somebody rushes at you and tells you that you have missed your entrance. Fumble with your part if it has been found for you when you come on, and declare that you cannot find the place. Read your words as if they had no interest for you. If you are kept waiting on the stage while a "cross" is arranged, or some tomfoolery, which is alluded to as "business," is invented, draw, if you are a lady, someone else aside to a window-seat, and give her details of a duck of a hat you saw in

Sloane Street; and if you are a man whist a breakdown and try some steps you once saw a coster do at a music-hall.

On the day of the dress rehearsal, when you will put on some musty clothes that do not fit you, and a wig that gives you a headache, and have your face smeared with sticks of coloured grease, you may on appearing on the stage have your part taken out of your hand. Say at once that "these things," meaning your clothes and wig, have sent all your words out of your head, repeat the sentences sulkily as the prompter, if there is one, reads them out to you, and state testily to the world in general that you may be a bit "fluffy" now, but that it will be all right on the night.

AN OLD HAND.

EVOLUTION.
SHE sketched a husband strong and brave

On whom her heart might lean ;
None but a hero would she have—
This girl of 17.

Her fancy subsequently turned
From deeds of derring do ;
For brainy intercourse she yearned
When she was 22.

The years sped on, ambition taught

A worldly-wise design ;
A man of wealth was what she sought
When she was 29.

But Time has modified her plan ;
Weak, imbecile, or poor—
She's simply looking for a man
Now she is 34.

LITERARY ANNOUNCEMENTS.

[*"Mr. HAMILTON AIDE has some idea of publishing a volume of verse."*—*Athenæum.*]

THE Duke of DEVONSHIRE is credited with harbouring the intention of bringing out a collection of poems entitled *The Love Sonnets of Morpheus*.

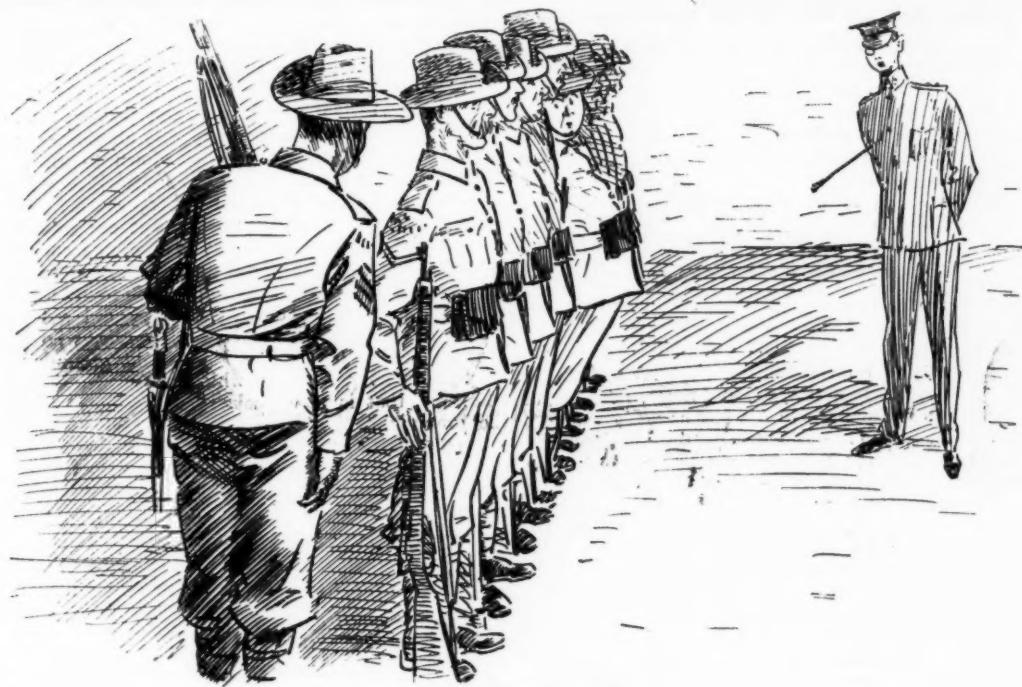
Mr. WHITELEY is seriously contemplating the possibility of issuing a volume of epigrams.

Lord KITCHENER, according to latest telegrams, has some idea of publishing an Epic Poem.

Mr. ALFRED AUSTIN, in response to a round robin from his Kentish neighbours, has intimated his readiness to consider the desirability of casting his next play in a non-metrical form.

Miss NORAH CHESSON is alleged to have some sort of a notion that she might possibly contribute another poem to the *Westminster Gazette*.

Canon RAWNSLEY, according to latest advices from Keswick, has completed his Sonnet-Gazetteer of the Lake Country.



FORE AND—

Sergeant. "BACK A LITTLE, NUMBER FIVE!"



—AFT!

Sergeant. "UP A LITTLE, NUMBER FIVE!"

A SOUTH-EAST KENTISH AND RATHER SUSSEX-FUL TRIP.

WHY do we, happy British Islanders, go abroad, visiting many foreign places, enduring the worry of custom-houses, wearying ourselves with packing and unpacking when, at an eighth of the expense and a sixteenth of the trouble, we can see as picturesque sights as Brittany or Normandy may have to show us, without quitting the regions of Kent and Sussex, by simply making our headquarters at one of the most frequented towns in the Hoppiest of Hoppy counties. As the old ditty has it :

"Happy Land! Happy Land!
Never from thee my heart shall roam."

And with two such old-world places, so attractive to the artist in brush and in drama, to the novelist, the historian, and the romancist, so close at hand too to the jaded Londoner, as are Rye and Winchelsea, this wayfarer would like to know why on earth cross the sea, to France, Belgium, or Holland, merely to go further and not fare so well?

Halte là! "fare so well?" —ahem. No, there is the difference : at any small *auberge* in France you will probably meet with daintier fare and cheaper than you will ever come across in the pretentious hotels, or inns, mainly commercial, in outlying, and outlandish, English towns. Has an ordinary country landlord or landlady in Great Britain and Ireland any idea of so treating fresh eggs, or a chicken (and there are a hundred inexpensive ways of dealing with the fowl and its offspring) as to present the guest with an appetising variation? No, not a bit of it: roast joints, thick slices, ordinarily boiled vegetables, heavily-crusted fruit pies only offered to be avoided by the wary wayfarer, and cheese as a rule strong enough to attract all the mice for miles round, these form the usual pabulum for the tired and hungry visitor. It is "something for him to cut at" in order to satisfy his hunger, but it offers no inducement, after he has "cut," to "come again." How short-sighted are these provincial landlords! How many good customers do they not lose by neglecting to provide them with something that delights the nostrils, gratifies the palate, and satisfies the temporary need, at a reasonable price!

Anything *recherché* the experienced traveller will not expect to find at Winchelsea or Rye, though "on coming through the Rye" he will light upon a good old hotel brought up to date, where he will lunch in a spacious saloon which has served, and may so do now, as an "Assembly Room," with an old-fashioned gallery up above wherein were wont to play the fiddlers on a county ball night and on similar occasions.

When at Winchelsea—which name was originally pronounced with the "ch" hard (much as "church" is "kirk") and was so called on account of the enormous amount of periwinkles that were found in this inland arm of the sea—"Winkle-sea"—we paused, after our walk of three-quarters of a mile from the station, to admire this most delightful old town. The sturdily defiant gates, the battered walls, the ancient inscriptions, the fine old tombs of still finer old crusaders resting within the grand old Norman church—all this made us say to one another, "Why travel to foreign shores until you have explored the treasures of our own?" And then the view! Magnificent. Rye is a fortified town "perched up aloft," like the sweet little cherub in DIBBON'S ballad, to keep watch o'er the ships that used once upon a time to sail up the river (if so permitted by the two

fortified towns with their eyes on them) some seven hundred odd years ago. Then to see the ruins of old towers and walls and gateways that were built *tempore* WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR, or before his day, and strengthened, repaired and added to by him and his successors, so that they might have a quiet day's outing to Gallia and back, and prevent the incursions of marauders during their temporary absence,—*ça donne à penser*; and when you once sit down to meditate, it is necessary to have a "Man from Cook's" or a *Bradshaw's Guide* at hand to tell you time and train wait for no man.

At Winchelsea we saw the cottage of our leading actress, with its magnificent old-world garden, and such a view of river and sea over the plains and right away to Rye on one side, and with Kentish hills for a background; and having seen this, merely as "outsiders," we "did get a-talking" with amiable, confidential *bons villageois*, who told us of grand ruins to be seen within certain grounds whereunto the five-barred gate, near which we were standing, would admit us, that is if we asked permission at the Lodge, as the grounds belonged to Major Somebody, who, so it was asserted, allowed the public in "on Mondays only." But this was a Tuesday!

Well, we were not "the public," we were but three poor travellers, and with only this day at our disposal. We held

council. Suppose the Major were a member of one or other of our Clubs? That would ensure his welcoming us as brothers, even though it was not on a Monday. At all events, if this kinship of Clubland could not be established beyond possibility of doubt, he, the Major, whatever his name might be, was sure to be a "real old English gentleman, one of the good old time," whose old-fashioned Sussex hospitality was unbounded, and whose heart and house would be open to all honest comers, and he himself ready to show his ruins not on Mondays only but at any time to those who honestly and earnestly and scientifically wished to make their acquaintance. So, having

decided what sort of English squire this retired, or unretired, "military man" (like BOUNCE) should be, we charged a very civil servant at the Lodge to walk up to the house and present the worthy Major with a card bearing a name and address that would be a fair guarantee for the good faith of the party; and on this card was scribbled an apology for intruding and a politely worded request for a favour. In a few minutes (it did not take the Major long to decide), the civil servant returned with a verbal answer to the effect that the Major was "very sorry, but he could not depart from his rule of 'Mondays only.'"

By way of grateful acknowledgment for this polite and most considerate verbal message, intended as an answer to our humbly-worded address on the back of the aforesaid visiting card, we expressed, *vir à voce*, our extreme regret that any importunity on our part should have given the worthy Major (evidently a Martinet, which was suggestive of an officer in the "Martinetti Troupe") any cause for sorrow, and we ventured further to express an earnest hope that the Major might soon recover from the temporary fit of despondency into which our unexpected visit had cast him. That this message was not delivered *cela va sans dire*.

"Hem!" quoth one of the party, "Major Boldwig—eh?"

Yes, we remembered our DICKENS perfectly, and admitted that this conduct was undoubtedly reminiscent of that tremendous personage, who "gave his orders with all due grandeur and ferocity," whose "house was a villa, and his



THE FICKLE POPULAR BREADTH.

Cabby (to beaten crock). "COME UP, SHAMROCK!"



POLITICAL GARDEN PARTY IN THE PROVINCES.

Great Lady (speeding the parting guest). "So GLAD YOU WERE ABLE TO COME!"
Mayoress. "OH, WE ALWAYS TRY TO OBLIGE!"

land 'grounds,' and it was all very high, and mighty, and great." We felt that in the Major's view—specially as on our *carte de visite* was, perhaps, inscribed "Garrick Club," we were no better than "rogues and vagabonds by Act of Parliament."

Taking our rebuff in a truly christian spirit, we left Winchelsea, and made across the marshes to Rye, where there was such a lunch as can be imagined from our early allusion to it in this brief paper. Afterwards we feasted ourselves on all that was to be seen in the rare old church, wherein the pendulum, some eighteen feet in length, swings backwards and forwards, never stopping for the service nor for the sermon. How disconcerted a novice at preaching must be when he gets up in the pulpit to deliver his first sermon, and sees this perpetual timekeeper steadily going to and fro, to and fro, marking time for him with irritating persistency. A very ancient verger informed us that this clock was one of the oldest in England, and if anyone ought to know, he ought, though he was not quite so old as the clock. We must repeat this visit (we come to this conclusion, avoiding the "Major premises"), and in the meantime let those who are still hesitating as to where they shall take a holiday accept our advice, buy a L. C. & S. E. ticket (ask for exceptional excursionist fare and see that you get it—it is most satisfactorily moderate, with trains at convenient

hours) and visit Rye and Winchelsea, or Winchelsea and Rye, as it is better, in view of lunch and return, to begin with Winchelsea and end with Rye. But, N.B., go on a Monday if you want to see "the ruins." But as to whether these ruins are, or are not, worth seeing, we cannot offer an opinion, thanks to the courtesy of *Major Boldwig's* representative.

Culture.

[In the University of Cambridge the word *Telegram* is considered by the academic to be derivatively incorrect.]

SCENE—*At the Post Office.*

Pedant. Please give me a form. I desire the immediate despatch of a telegrapheme.

Clerk. This is not a form but the symbol of absolute superficies, the hieroglyphics dividing off imperfectly enough that which for the want of a better term we are compelled to name Space.

ACCORDING to the *Daily Mail* Mr. HALL CAINE has had a very warm reception from the Icelanders. It seems that they even went so far as to "skald" him at a parliamentary dinner.



Petit Jaques (who has frequently "assisted at" the arrangement of *Mamma's supplementary hair*). "DIS, PAPA, QUAND TU T'HABILLES LE MATIN, QU'EST-CE QUE TU METS LE PREMIER?"

Papa. "MAIS FRANCHEMENT, JE NE SAIS TROP."

Petit Jaques. "MOI, JE SAIS. TU METS TA BARBE."

Papa. "MAIS NON, JE NE METS PAS MA BARBE."

Petit Jaques. "COMMENT! TU PORTES TA BARBE TOUTE LA NUIT?"

THE CADIS IMPROMPTUS.

BEING THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A MERRY MAGISTRATE.

(With acknowledgments to Mr. Chichele Plowden and "The Evening News.")

I WAS, I believe, born a jester: I became a magistrate later. My birthday was July 14, which is, of course, St. Swithin's Day. Family records, which cannot lie, state that, being carried to the window by the wet nurse, I gazed gloomily at the torrents of rain that were falling, and remarked, "Forty days without the option of a fine." I have joked ever since.

Magisterial tendencies soon manifested themselves. At the Kindergarten which I attended, I was frequently found, during recess, on an improvised Bench distributing punishments. I may perhaps remark, just as an indication of how the tide was setting, that I used to obtain silence in court by shouting out, "Beak quiet."

Some of my best jokes have never got into the papers, careful as we are to

encourage the reporters at our Court. For example, I once had a case turning upon wood pavement. The question of Pall Mall being paved with wood coming up, I remarked without an instant's pause, "The War Office clerks need only lay their heads together and the thing is done." On another occasion, in private life, I chanced to be watching one of my little friends (for I love the dear children) stroking a tortoise. On my asking why she did so, she said it was to please the tortoise. "Why," I said, "you might as well stroke the roof of the Law Courts in order to gratify the Master of the Rolls."

Providence, I have noticed, is kind to the true wit. One day during the hearing of a case a piece of plaster fell from the ceiling upon the counsel for the defence. He was very angry, but I pacified him with the remark, "Fiat justitia ruat ceiling."

My wit has never failed me. One day, for instance, when acting as Junior to a great K.C., I was reprimanded for dilatoriness.

"Why," said he, "you come later than anyone in the place."

"Yes," I replied, "but see how early I go."

There are of course drawbacks to so much humour, as the foundations of our Court have to be renewed every year owing to the gusts of laughter which rock the walls; and Counsel frequently cannot proceed with the case for some hours on account of the state of hysteria to which I reduce them. Reporters are often removed shrieking. I remember once nodding over the tedious address of a young barrister in a furniture case.

"Your Worship," he said at last, "I will now address myself to the furniture."

"Ah," said I, "you have been doing that for a long time."

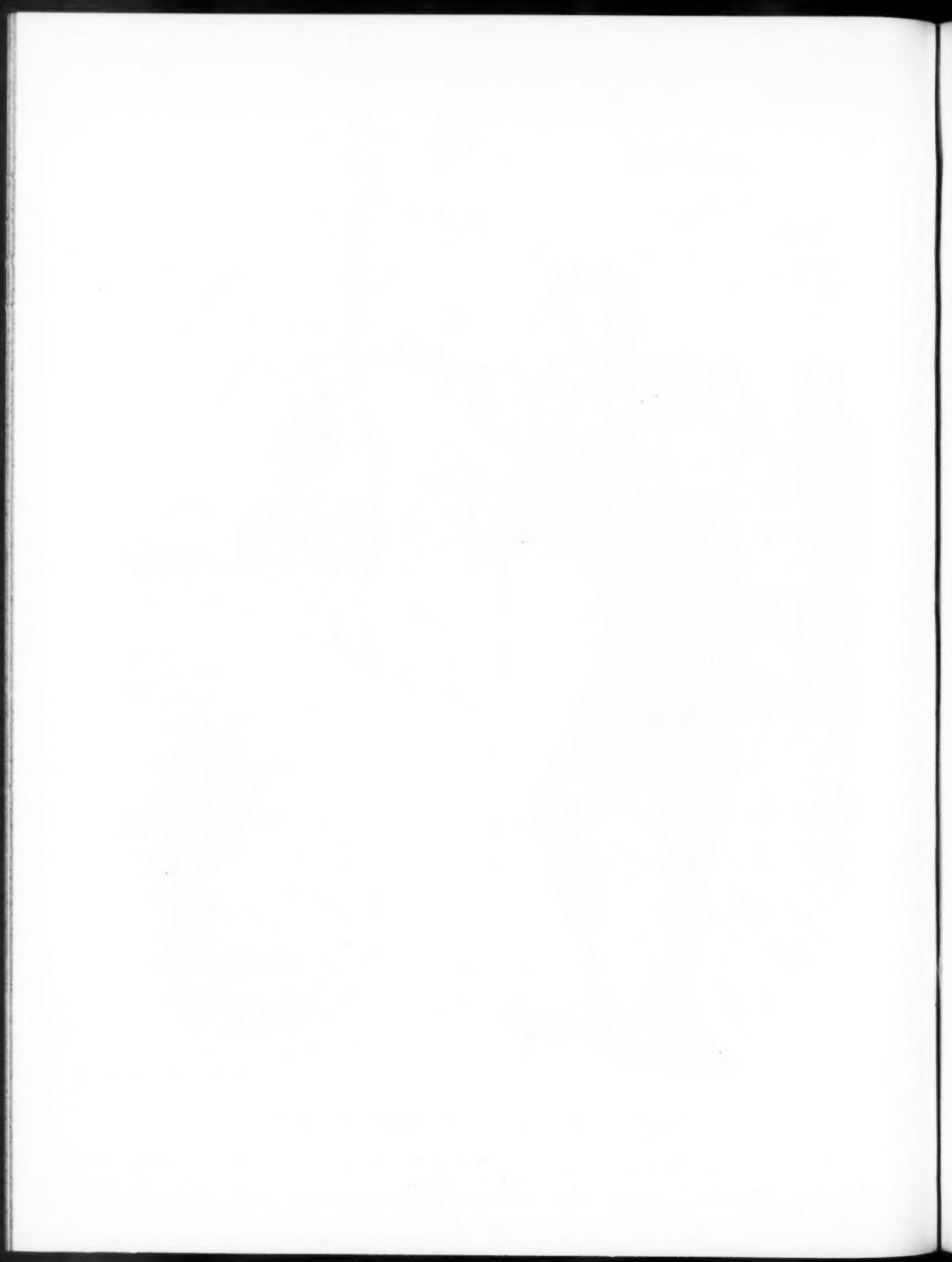
The effect was terrific. Four women at the back of the Court fainted, two reporters had *delirium tremens*, the magistrate's clerk told me the next morning that he had laughed all night, and the usher (a man without humour) tendered his resignation.

(To be continued.)



THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

THE WAYFARER (*long troubled by Philosophic Doubt*). "WELL! NOW I SUPPOSE I REALLY MUST MAKE UP MY MIND!"



"FORTY YEARS ON."

CONTEST FOR THE AMERICA CUP, 1943.

6 A.M. (Sandy Hook). *Shamrock XXIII.* is preparing for the third race, which is over the triangular course to-day. Sir THOMAS LIPTON, despite two defeats, has still implicit confidence in his boat. He gives it as his opinion that the Challenger is even a better boat than *Shamrock XVII.*, which made such a close fight for the cup twelve years ago.

7 A.M. (New York). Wind is now blowing 6.3 knots from S.E. Sir THOMAS says, "This is *Shamrock's* weather." Pressed to say more, he added, "The *Defender* is certainly a wonderful boat, but the Cup is never won until the best boat takes three races."

7.45 A.M. (Sandy Hook). *Shamrock XXIII.* was re-measured after yesterday's spin, and supporters of the British boat will be pleased to learn that, by taking six inches off the boom and two feet from the baby jib-topsail, her time-allowance has been increased by nearly twenty minutes, making the total one hour forty-two minutes. This will add greatly to her chance of winning. Sir THOMAS LIPTON is reported to have said, "May the best boat win."

Yesterday Sir THOMAS LIPTON was presented with another mascot by the PRESIDENT's daughter. It took the shape of a handsomely-bound album, containing photographs of the twenty-two previous *Shamrocks*. At the end of the book was a photograph of the much-coveted Cup, with the inscription underneath:—

Lifted by "Shamrock No....."
Date.....

Sir THOMAS was much touched, and is reported to have said, with a catch in his voice, "May the best boat win."

10.59 A.M. The competitors are jockeying for the windward berth.

11.0 A.M. (Sandy Hook). They're off!—*(From Our Special Correspondent.)*

[Copyright in both Hemispheres.]

11.0 A.M. (Sandy Hook). The yachts have started.—*(Central News.)*

11.1 A.M. The *Defender* has secured the windward berth for the one hundred and thirty-third successive time.

11.20 A.M. *Shamrock XXIII.* seems to point higher than ever, and is footing it very fast. The *Defender* refuses to split tacks, and is eating her way greedily into the wind, being pinched for all she is worth. *Shamrock* is slowly but surely forging astern.—*(Anti-Marconi.)*

Later. 11.40 A.M. *Shamrock* is going about.

11.40 $\frac{1}{2}$ A.M. *Shamrock* has gone about.



A SAFE MORTGAGE.

Angelina. "EDWIN, PROMISE ME YOU'LL NEVER DESCRIBE ME AS YOUR 'RELIC!'"
Edwin. "DEAREST, I NEVER WILL! I'D DIE SOONER!"

Much later. 1.50 P.M. *Shamrock* has rounded the mark and has gone to look for the *Defender*, which is out of sight. Sir THOMAS LIPTON is as confident as ever, and has just remarked, "The race is not over yet. However, may the best boat win!"—*(Reuter.)*

Later still. 3.41 P.M. *Shamrock* is nearing home and has reduced her disadvantage, as far as one can judge, to 12 $\frac{1}{2}$ miles. Her baby jib has given a lot of trouble.—*(Central News.)*

4.10. *Result.* *Shamrock* was beaten by 56 minutes, after deducting her time allowance.

The news created little or no surprise in New York. Sir THOMAS LIPTON, after the race, is reported to have remarked

(with a catch in his voice), "The only thing I can say is that we did better to-day than we did this time ten years ago. Perhaps with more or perhaps with less wind the result might have been different. It is hard to admit it, but 'the best boat won.' I had previously expressed a wish to that effect."—*(Our Special Correspondent.)*

ANOTHER AMERICAN RECORD.—*Cassell's Magazine* for September contains an admirable photograph of the bathing-hour at Atlantic City, U.S.A., "where," we are told, "75,000 people are sometimes upon the sands and in the water at the same time."

A UNION OF ARTS.

Prefatory Note.—DEAR MR. PUNCH,—In a serial now running in *Longman's Magazine* "M. E. FRANCIS" has adopted the pleasing novelty of placing a few bars of music at the head of each chapter. But, glancing at *The Queen*, I see that Miss BEATRICE HARRADEN has gone one better. In the chapter of her tale which is printed this week her characters sing four songs, and the music of them all is given in full. Of course the rest of us who write fiction will have to follow suit. My musical knowledge is limited, but I've done the best I can. This is a brief extract from my next novel:

And so, in the mysterious twilight hour, LEONARD and MARGARET found themselves in the drawing-room—alone. For some moments there was silence. At last the man's pent-up emotion burst forth.

"MARGARET!" he cried, "adorable, divine MARGARET! You know what I would say—but words are all too weak and inadequate! Therefore I have taken the precaution of bringing my violin with me, and with your permission—"

As he spoke he lifted tenderly from its case his cherished Stradivarius.

And there resounded through the room, in all its rich fulness, that superb, unforgetable strain:



MARGARET was deeply moved. Her lips trembled as if she would have spoken. Then, changing her mind, she rose and moved to the piano. Clearly and decisively rang out her reply:



"Ah, thank you, thank you!" cried her lover; "my doubts are ended at last! But yet—what will Lady FULLER say? Of course you will think me a silly—"



—put in the piano derisively. "But all the same—"



expostulated the girl, "you are really too ridiculous! So long as we love each other I don't care—oh, I don't care"—she touched the piano again—

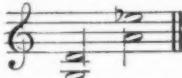


—"that much—for anyone!"

"Perhaps not," he sighed, rather dubiously. "Yet, from the point of view of ordinary prudence—"

"Oh!" cried MARGARET, "I have been mistaken! You are a coward! I don't love you at all! Go quite away at once!"

LEONARD, pale with anger, rose to his feet. He seized his bow and played:



"Life," he added bitterly, "is like my E string. It has gone suddenly half a tone flat. And—MARGARET—is this the end?"

The girl could not speak. But beneath her touch the awful, fate-laden tones trembled forth:



And, hearing them, LEONARD flung out of the room.

THE AGE OF RESEARCH.

(*A Fragment from the Social History of England, edition of 2003 A.D.*)

... ABOUT this period (i.e., towards the end of August, 1903) a curious mania attacked the population of the United Kingdom, and more especially the inhabitants of London. Every man, woman and child, including the more able-bodied idiots who were at large, began to investigate, and were incessantly going in search. The hunt was after buried treasure, solutions of "picture-puzzles," a missing lady, a lost identity, the truth about the Fiscal Question, and so on—in fact, every elusive individual or article which could effect a disappearance served equally well. The very streets were not safe. One morning Piccadilly would be "up" from end to end, the road-breakers being in search of something—they knew not what; another day the County Council would take it into its head to explore the subsoil of the Strand or the morasses of the Embankment. "Tubes" were bored in all directions on the off-chance of striking against an auriferous lode, and even the bed of the Thames was turned up periodically in the quest after "finds." It was a golden time for clairvoyants and the occult fraternity in general who "worked the oracle" in Bond Street.

Nor were humbler practitioners less active in the business of research for

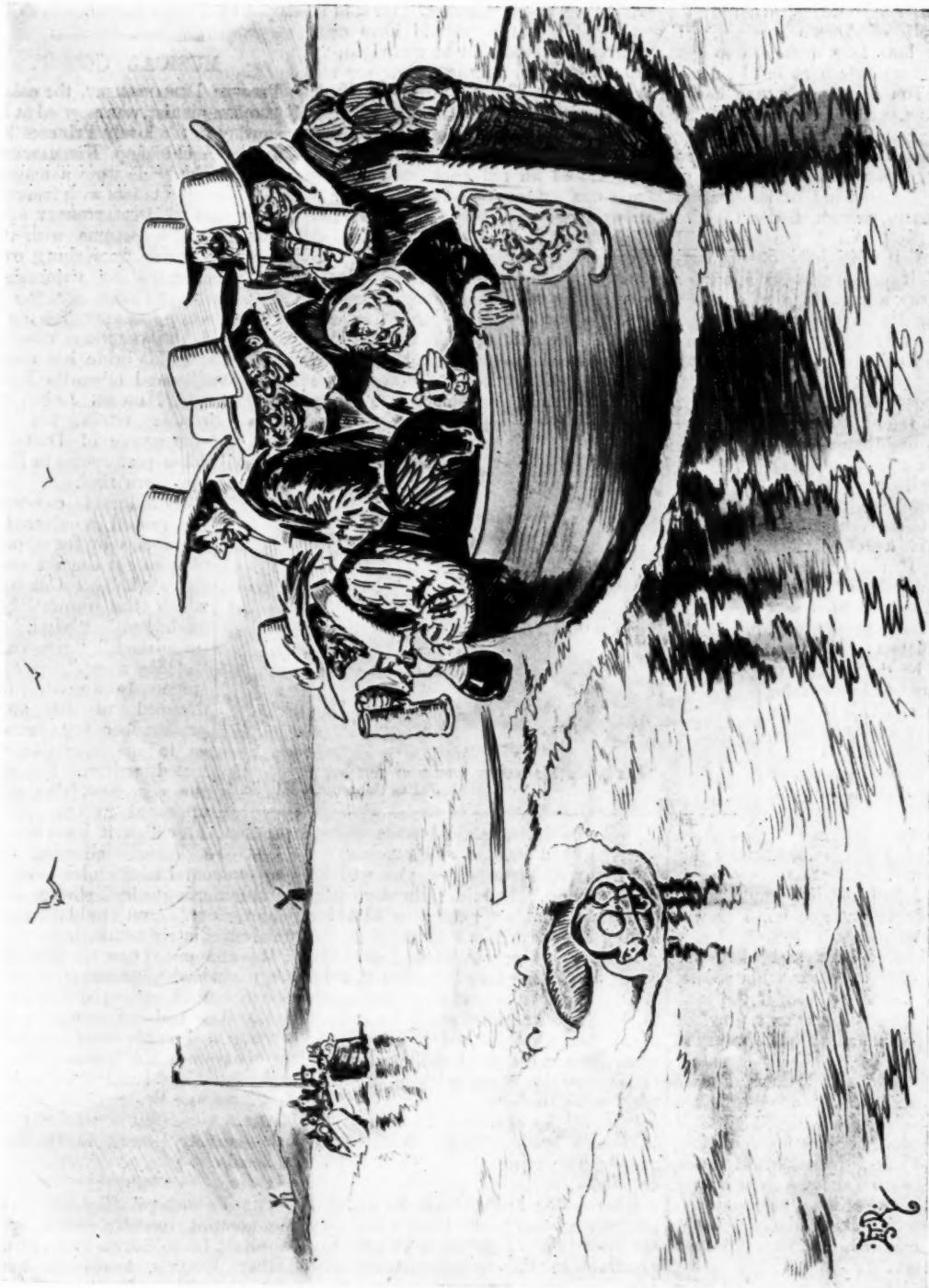
accidental enrichment. The art of extracting specie and valuables from the pockets of the unconscious wayfarer was regarded by the public as a praiseworthy accomplishment.

No person could venture abroad without being pursued by amateur detectives, who were themselves shadowed by similar inquisitors, and so on in an endless chain. Every newspaper and book that was published contained hidden ciphers, which were eagerly discussed and scanned between the lines by the various Gallup Societies of the Metropolis. Each bus-ticket or luggage-label was regarded as a possible clue and reverently safe-guarded. The most innocent public utterances of so plain-spoken a statesman as Mr. CHAMBERLAIN were twisted into oracular indications of the whereabouts of hidden national wealth; while every syllable uttered by Sir HENRY CAMPBELL-BANNERMAN was regarded as cryptic and requiring the aid of "Old Moore" as commentator.

The *furore* was started by the proprietor of a popular periodical, who secreted £500 in gold in a place "accessible to all," which turned out to be a roadside near Hitchin. It is surmised that this happy thought was suggested to him by the action of his favourite terrier in burying a bone in the back garden. From this simple incident it came about that the British character underwent such a marked transformation, with the further result that the old divisions of Tory and Liberal were completely effaced, and the people ranged themselves into an aristocracy of Hiders and Buriers and an overwhelming majority of Excavators and Followers of SHERLOCK HOLMES.

MIDLAND, NOT MIDDLING.

"TODGERS's can do it when it likes." So can the Midland Railway Company. They were pioneers in the work of Railway Passenger Reform. As our Toby, M.P. said, responding recently to the toast of the Press at a representative gathering in Manchester, the Midland were first in the field with the great revolution that practically abolished the second-class passenger. But, like the aggressive gentleman mentioned in the *Ingoldsby Legends*, they were cruel only to be kind. They gave the second-class man compensation for disturbance in the form of a railway carriage exceeding in comfort the first-class of twenty years ago, and charged him third-class fare. The Midland Company, sighing for new worlds to conquer, have now endowed their Manchester Station with a hotel, which, like their railway service, embodies all the resources of civilisation.



UNRECORDED HISTORY. SUGGESTED BY "HOLBEIN'S ATTEMPT TO SWIM THE CHANNEL."

[It may not be generally known that Rembrandt also had shocking bad luck in his attempts to beat the Zuyder Zee (shore-to-shore) record.]

DICK'S DEFENCES.

(Concluded.)

THEN there was a third prisoner who, a few months afterwards, desired to avail himself of DICK's services. I don't know how DICK manages to get to know so many prisoners, but he does. My brother Tom says DICK's aunt has a cook who knows a lot of people in the constabulary, and that they for their own purposes advise the prisoners to retain DICK. Of course Tom means to make some horrid kind of insinuation about someone, though I don't quite understand it. All I can say is, I should think it very jolly of the constabulary if it were true. As a matter of fact, it was a policeman who asked DICK to defend this third client, though he was probably really a poet, or an artist, in uniform and reduced circumstances.

Now, of course I admire DICK awfully, but if there is one quality of his I love more than another it is his conscientiousness. He reflected, he told me, when requested to undertake the third defence, upon the fate of his two previous prisoners. If the sentences passed upon his clients tended to increase in a sort of arithmetical progression, surely the latest comer was entitled to be made aware of what appeared to be a curious scientific fact. This is something like the way DICK talks. And he accompanied that dear, discriminating policeman to the cells to see the man.

"You're sure nothing was found on you?" asked DICK, remembering his first experience.

"I was found on it," replied the prisoner, referring to the horse he was accused of stealing.

Having thus adroitly established this point, and bearing in mind his second case, DICK proceeded to ask if the man had not said he was guilty on a previous occasion. The man got quite angry at the idea.

"No!" he roared; "think I'm a fool? I'm guilty right enough, but I never said it!"

DICK at once began a little calculation.

"The first time," he said, half aloud, "it was two years, last time it was three, this time—"

"What're yer talking about?" interrupted the prisoner, "last time? Last time it wor ten."

Well, I don't exactly remember what happened to this man—DICK did not go into particulars, and of course the man had been very rude and did not deserve

to get off. But these stories interested me so much in DICK's work that I begged him to take me to the courthouse last Sessions to hear some cases, and perhaps one of his defences. He said it was possible that he should have one, and events proved that he was right, as of course he generally is. DICK put me into a gallery, and himself went back into the pit where the barristers' stalls are. There was a prisoner standing behind some railings ready to be condemned, and an old gentleman on the bench was saying that it was rather a serious case, and then he asked the prisoner in the bar if he was defended by counsel. DICK was standing up in the gangway leading into the pit, looking very nice and somewhat conspicuous, for he is rather tall, and his wig was much whiter and prettier than any of the others. I was not at all surprised that when the prisoner answered the old gentleman's question with a sulky

says there are none of them out yet. And I hope it was not wrong of me to feel pleased when, owing entirely to his refusal to let DICK defend him, the stupid man got a month.

MUSICAL GOSSIP.

PROSPER DERIANTOMSKY, the celebrated Estonian pianist, was married at Prague yesterday to the lovely Princess BOLOSSE CZIMECK, Archbishop KIELMANSEGG officiating. The bride wore a magnificent dress of purple taffeta with insertions of bullion, and M. DERIANTOMSKY appeared in full Klephtic costume, with twenty-three gold snuff-boxes slung over his right shoulder. The witnesses were Count BOLESLAS GOGOL for the bride, and Herr KRAG-JORGENSEN for the bridegroom. M. DERIANTOMSKY, who, at the urgent wish of his bride, has renounced his nationality and taken the Bohemian appellation of HANUSCH JIRZIK, will of course retain his famous patronymic of DERIANTOMSKY when performing in Kensington Town Hall.

Considerable consternation was caused in cultured musical circles by the appearance of a recent concert notice in the *Pall Mall Gazette* from which the words "accomplishment," "vital," "distinguished," "sincere," and "achievement," were conspicuously absent. Consols dropped to 88, and the gravest fears were entertained as to the condition of the gifted writer. Happily, on the very next day a notice appeared in the journal in question, in which it was stated that "GOUNOD's *Faust*, allowing for all temperamental ineptitudes, is an incomparably distinguished, sincere, and vital achievement," and public confidence was immediately restored.

It is announced that Sir HUBERT PARRY has postponed his attempt to swim the Channel until after the Hereford Festival. The eminent composer will be accompanied on his great natatory effort by his trainer Mr. HENRY BIRD, and a tug containing Dr. HANS RICHTER, Mr. J. P. SOUSA, Mr. STEPHEN ADAMS and Herr RICHARD STRAUSS, who will at intervals join Sir HUBERT in the water as pacemakers.

THE Publishers' Circular, in citing the account recently given by "The Baron de Book-Worms" of a *bon mot* of Father HEALY's, heads its quotation with the title "Ex LUCY lucellum." The Fair One in question, while blushfully appreciating this *jeu d'esprit*, is compelled to deny the soft impeachment.



"THE CHOICE AND MASTER SPIRITS OF THIS AGE."

Julius Caesar, Act III, Sc. 1.

THE SUN-CHILD.

(Continued.)

AFTER this last little adventure the Sun-child walked on through a deep country lane, on either side of which rose a thick green hedge set on a grassy bank. It was summertime, and the birds were chirping and singing and hopping from twig to twig, and the butterflies, the modest white ones and the gay fritillaries, were flitting aimlessly about in the calm air. At a little distance was heard the tinkle of a sheep-bell, and every now and then there came the sound of children's laughter, for it was the middle of the day, and morning school had ceased. And as the Sun-child walked he heard voices behind him and soon he saw a little girl on a pony coming towards him. By her side rode the old coachman on a steady grey horse, and the two were talking together very merrily. The little girl tossed her fair hair as she spoke, and her blue eyes were bright, and her cheeks glowed with the beautiful colour that the kind and gentle pink roses lend to children whom they love:—

"MATTHEW," she said, "do you know what I'm going to do when I'm quite grown up?"

MATTHEW had heard the question before, and he knew what he was expected to answer:—

"Lor', Missie, that'll be a long time first, won't it?"

"Not nearly as long as you think, MATTHEW, for I'm growing very fast. Now guess."

"You'll marry a Duke, sure enough."

"No I shan't. You're wrong. Guess again."

"Wear silks and satins, and live on strawberries and cream all day long."

"Yes, I shall do that—p'raps, but that isn't what I mean."

"Well, Missie, I give it up."

"MATTHEW, you're not a clever man to-day, or you ought to have guessed. Now I'll tell you. I'll build you a big house, and there's to be a beautiful room in it for *Dapple* and *Peggy*, and they're to do no work at all—only eat sugar out of my hand, and you're to have splendid clothes and a great big writing-desk like Papa's and a gold pen—"

"Lor, Missie, I shouldn't know what to do with a gold pen. Steel's good enough for the likes of me."

"Never you mind, MATTHEW, you shall have it, you see if you don't. Now let's canter."

At this they set off, the pony titupping gaily and the grey rumbling along in a sedate and sober fashion suited to his years and the weight of coachman that he carried. They swept past the Sun-child, and turning a corner of the lane, passed for the moment out of his sight. He did not hurry, for the day was quiet and warm, and the pretty new things that he saw at every step pleased him and caused him to linger. But at last he too turned the corner, and as he did so a pitiful sight met his eyes. The old grey had fallen and lay by the roadside, and MATTHEW, his hat off, was standing beside him. The little girl sat on her pony looking frightened, and tears were in her eyes. "Help *Dapple* to get up, MATTHEW," she said; "I want him to get up again."

"I can't, Missie; he's past getting up, poor old *Dapple* is. His leg's broke."

"Oh, MATTHEW, what shall we do? We *must* do something for him directly," and she wrung her little hands together as she spoke.

"Now, you ride home quick, Missie—you're close to the gate—and tell them, and I'll stay here by *Dapple* and do what I can."

She rode off swiftly and the old man looked after her:—

"Poor little thing," he said, "she'll feel it, ah, and so do I."

In the meantime a small crowd had collected, and one of the men volunteered to help.



Elsie. "YOU KNOW, DOROTHY, BOBBY IS OUR FIRST COUSIN."

Dorothy (on whom Bobby has made an unfavourable impression). "IS HE? WELL, I HOPE HE'S OUR LAST, THAT'S ALL!"

"It's a bad break," said MATTHEW; "there's only one thing to be done. Run in, TOM, and get me my gun. You'll find the cartridges hanging by it."

But, as he said this, the Sun-child came up, and his heart was filled with pain and pity. He looked at the old horse, and *Dapple* raised his gentle head and looked at him with bright eyes. Then his head fell back; a shadow, like that of a cloud on a pool, came over his eyes; he stretched his legs and then lay quite still.

"He's dead," said TOM, and MATTHEW stooped down and examined his old friend.

"Yes, he's dead. His heart's broke. It's better so, for I couldn't have brought myself to pull a trigger to him."

And the Sun-child passed on his way. He knew that death was often merciful to dumb creatures as well as to those who can give voice to their sufferings and can call on their fellows for help.

(To be continued.)

A CORRESPONDENT writes to say that he is sure he has found out the answer to the pictorial conundrum asked in the *Daily News* fiscal poster. The artist's design represents two highly-coloured blobs of what appears to be Old Terra-cotta Sandstone, one large and one small, and labelled respectively, "The Free Trade Loaf," and "The Zollverein Loaf"; and below this runs the question, "Which will you have?" Our correspondent says that if he is bound to have one or the other he would like to be let off with the smaller kind, please.

A DAILY paper states that "Mr. W. H. LEVER is a probable challenger for the America Cup." This sounds like lifting it at last. We trust it is a "Lever of the first class."

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

In holiday time you want a story to interest, to excite and to amuse. In fact, a melodramatic novel. Here in *The Tickencote Treasure, the Story of a Silent Man, a Sealed Script, and a Singular Secret*, by Mr. WILLIAM LE QUEUX (GEORGE NEWNES LTD.), the "vacuous viator" or recessional reader, will find the best companion, either for his travels or for his rest, that his heart could desire. A good story, "well found" in every respect; neither dawdling over poetic descriptions nor dropping into dialogues which like Gilbertian "flowers that bloom in the spring tra-la" have "nothing to do with the case." The reader must not pause at the very commencement and ask "why were not the police immediately put on the track?" No, he must be content with the story as it is, and be thankful for a plot sufficiently strong to have provided materials for a Drury Lane drama, some Sherlock Holmes stories, and a few adventures in which Monsieur Lecoq the French detective might have figured with advantage. The experienced novel-reader may be reminded now and again of STEVENSON with his "Ho, Ho, Ho, and a bottle of rum" and of certain other popular romancists, but Mr. LE QUEUX could do without these if he chose; and, after all, his "dropping into" STEVENSON only shows in what a thoroughly good school he has studied his sensationalism.

Johanna (METHUEN) is the story of an Irish peasant-girl driven from her home in Kerry by a loveless step-mother. She takes service in a lodging-house in Dublin, where for a wage of £6 a year she slaves from six o'clock in the morning till midnight. Honest, pure-minded, thinking no evil, she suffers much. My Baronite is inclined to murmur that B. M. CROKER is somewhat monotonous in her picture of *Johanna's* daily trials. Only towards the end does a gleam of sunlight fall on her sad lot. The book provides glimpses of peasant life in Kerry which, it is to be hoped, are more fanciful than accurate. Otherwise, drinking, fighting, ignorance, and the lust of other people's money, are the most striking characteristics of the peasantry. The cleverest chapters of the book are those containing the letters of *Johanna's* betrothed, *Shamus*. Written from the camp during the war in South Africa, they present vivid pictures of a soldier's life and his way of looking at things.

Admittedly the proper study of mankind is man. But the wise will not object to make supplementary inquiry into *Animal Life* and *Butterflies and Moths*. They will find full opportunity in two sumptuous volumes just published by MESSRS. HUTCHINSON. The first, a magazine of natural history, has among its contributors Lord AVEBURY (more familiar in the world of nature as Sir JOHN LUBBOCK), Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, Sir HERRBERT MAXWELL, F. C. SELOUS, and many other popular authorities, each writing on a special subject of which he is recognised master. The text is illustrated by some seven hundred pictures engraved direct from photographs. There are thirteen coloured plates, one being reproduction from an original painting by that



"IN PERIL OF PRECIPITATION."—*Coriolanus*, iii. 3.

Stout Party. "Hi! Boy, stop! I'm going to get off."
Donkey Boy. "Yer can't, Marm. There ain't room!"

Admirable Crichton, Sir HARRY JOHNSTON, who can establish a Protectorate, write graphic notes of travel, stand for Rochester, or paint a picture you shall find on the line at the Royal Academy. The companion volume, *Butterflies and Moths*, forms a volume in the Woburn Library of Natural History, edited by the Duke of BEDFORD. It is the sole work of Mr. EDWARD HULME. Alone he did it, the comprehensive text and the coloured plates, producing with lifelike fidelity over three hundred distinct species of butterflies or moths. To lovers of nature, young and old, my Baronite recommends these marvellous literary and artistic works.

JAMES KNOWLES gives us a good number of the *Nineteenth Century and After* this month. Mr. MACDONAGH's sketchy article

on the "Ballads of the People" is amusing, though less lengthy quotations from utterly vulgar and hopelessly idiotic songs, and a greater variety of them, would have been preferable. Mr. EDWARD DICEY's paper concerning "The Story of Gray's Inn" is a subject that would have delighted CHARLES LAMB, and his anecdote of Lord RUSSELL of Killowen conscientiously and fearlessly refusing to drink "to the pious and glorious" Queen ELIZABETH is told with honest admiration for the man who had the courage of those opinions with which the writer has evidently no more sympathy than had the Benchers of the Inn present on that occasion. To not a few will the Hon. Mrs. MAXWELL-SCOTT's story of JOAN OF ARC offer one of the chief attractions in this number in which it is commenced. Very interesting, too, is Miss IDA TAYLOR's short paper on Lady CARLISLE and "King Pym." Altogether a most readable number.

THE BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

OPERATIC NOTES.

If the performance of *Tannhäuser*, at which Mr. Punch's Representative assisted, affords a measure of what the Moody-Manners Company can do, then Grand Opera is enjoying a most generous aftermath.

Mr. O'MARA, though in personal appearance he did not perhaps quite realise the romantic figure of the hero, met all other demands with untiring energy and adaptability: and in the difficult last Act, so easily made tedious, he sustained his trying part with great dramatic force.

As *Elizabeth*, Madame ALICE ESTY, both in voice and gesture, was a pure delight. Her natural interest in the competition for her hand was unfortunately tempered by an obvious effort to keep from fainting; from this, however, she bravely emerged in time for her cue.

Mr. DEVER, in the part of *Wolfram*, made a dignified foil to the impetuous *Tannhäuser*; and Miss ENRIQUETA CRICHTON, happily less bountiful of form than some operatic Venuses, played with intelligence and right feeling. The great third Act was very memorable for the fine singing of the chorus and the splendid setting of the scene. The audience, who came for the most part in decent undress and so escaped the usual distractions, took sincere pains to appreciate a performance which the Season might well have envied.